Sir Iohn. To helpe King *Edward* in this time of ſtormes,
As euery loyall ſubiect ought to do.
Edw. Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it pleaſe God to ſend the reſt.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum ſtrike vp and let vs
March away, I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay ſtay ſir *Iohn*, and let vs firſt debate,
With what ſecurity we may do this thing.
Sir Iohn. What ſtand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you preſently proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to ſuccour you, why ſhould we fight,
When you pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, ſtand you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. I am reſolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England and France*, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whoſoeuer gainſaies King *Edwards* right, by this I challenge him to ſingle fight. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.
For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as early as the morning ſunne,
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horiſon,
Wee'l march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henry* from the Regall throne.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then King Henry, Oxford, Somerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King.

King. Thus from the priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.
Clarence and *Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the remnant of my daies,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my Creators praiſe.
War. What anſweres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henry* likes.
King. My Lord of Somerſet, what pretty boy
Is that you ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Som. If it pleaſe your grace, it is young *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
King. *Henry of Richmond*, Come hither pretty Lad.
If heauenly powers do aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shalt proue this Countries bliſſe.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleate with Maieſty,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he ſhall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.

War. What counſell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is paſt in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards London,
And many giddy headed people follow him.
Oxf. Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.